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# NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

## MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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*The Simple Cobler of Aggavvam in America. Willing to help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-Leather and sole, with all the honest stiches he can take. And as willing never to bee paid for his work, by Old English wonted pay. It is his Trade to patch all the year long, gratis. Therefore I pray Gentlemen keep your purses. By Theodore de la Guard. In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quæque consilia tutissima sunt.—Cic. In English,*

*When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,  
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.*

*This no time to feare Apelles gramm :  
Ne Sutor quidem ultra crepidam.*

*London, printed by J. D. & R. I. for Stephen Bowtell,  
at the signe of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley, 1647.*

THIS work is in its manner one of the most quaint and pedantick of a period, when quaintness and pedantry were the fashion ; and in its principles one of the most violent and enthusiastick of an age, when violence and enthusiasm in religious affairs were almost universal. The author's political opinions are on the side of the Commonwealth party, though he professes great loyalty to the King : he shews himself to be a zealous puritan ; and with willingness

to concede whatever is ‘*indifferent* ;’ he is the stubborn advocate of the most violent intolerance and relentless persecution. The work however is extremely curious, as the production of a scholar and a man of talents at so early a period of our history, and as affording many inferences respecting the state of society at that time. The author was *Nathaniel Ward*, born at Haverhill, in England, in 1570, the son of a clergyman of the established church. He received a degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge in 1595. He first studied law, travelled over several countries of the Continent. He studied under Pareus at Heidelberg, and there caught the principles of Calvinism, which proved afterwards to be of the most violent sort. He came to this country in 1634, and remained here some years, and was for a short period settled as a preacher at Ipswich, called Aggawam by the Indians. He returned to England in 1647, and settled at Sheffield, where he died.\*

The following extracts will give an idea of his principles and style.

‘My heart hath naturally detested foure things: The standing of the Apocrypha in the Bible ; Forrainers dwelling in my Countrey, to crowd our native Subjects into the corners of the Earth ; Alchymized coines ; Tolerations of divers Religions, or of one Religion in segregant shapes: He that willingly assents to the last, if he examines his heart by day-light, his conscience will tell him, he is either an Athiest, or an Heretique, or an Hypocrite, or at best a captive to some lust: polypietie is the greatest impiety in the world. True Religion is *Ignis probationis*, which doth *congregare homogenea & segregare heterogenea*.’

‘An easie head may soon demonstrate ; that the prementioned Planters, by Tolerating all Religions, had immazed themselves in the most intolerable confusions and inextricable thraldoms the world ever heard of. I am perswaded the Devill himselfe was never willing with their proceedings, for feare it would breake his wind and wits to attend such a Province. I speake it seriously according to my meaning. How all Religions should enjoy their liberty, Iustice its

\*In the Monthly Anthology for May, 1809, under the article *Retrospective Review*, there is a particular account of Ward, and his works.

† This probably alludes to Rhode Island.

‘due regularity, Civil cohabitation morall honesty, in one  
 ‘and the same Iurisdiction, is beyond the Artique of my  
 ‘comprehension. If the whole conclave of Hell can so  
 ‘compromise, exadverse, and diamaticall contradictions, as  
 ‘to compolitize such a multimonstrous maufrey of hetero-  
 ‘clytes and quicquidlibets quietly ; I trust I may say with  
 ‘all humble reverence, they can doe more than the Senate  
 ‘of Heaven. My *modus loquendi* pardoned : I intirely  
 ‘wish much welfare and more wisdom to that Plantation.’

These extracts are a specimen of the author’s implacable and intolerant spirit in religious matters. Like others of his school, his zeal can only be equalled by his rancour, and not satisfied with condemning the souls of those who differ from him to eternal perdition in the other world, he would devote their bodies to the most relentless persecution in this. How strange it appears to reason, how natural to human nature, that men who had been driven by persecution to cross the Atlantick, should become persecutors. How fully it illustrates the maxim, that those who would suffer martyrdom would inflict it. His political principles, though violent, were not so absurd ; there is much truth and sagacity in the following remarks.

‘Wee heare that *Majestas Imperii* hath challenged *Salus Populi* into the field ; the one fighting for Prerogatives, the other defending Liberties : Were I a Constable bigge enough, I would set one of them by the heeles to keep both their hands quiet ; I meane onely in a paire of Stocks, made of sound Reason, handsomely fitted for the legges of their Understanding.

‘If *Salus Populi* began, surely it was not that *Salus Populi* which I left in *England* : that *Salus Populi* was as mannerly a *Salus Populi* as need bee : if I bee not much deceived, that *Salus Populi* suffer’d its nose to be held to the Grindstone, till it was almost ground to the gristles ; and yet grew never the sharper for ought I could discerne ; What was, before the world was made, I leave to better Antiquaries then myself ; but I thinke, since the world began, it was never storyed that *Salus Populi* began with *Majestas Imperii*, unlesse *Majestas Imperii* first unharbour’d it, and hunted it to a stand, and then it must either turn head and live, or turn taile and dye : but more have benne storyed on the other hand than *Majestas Imperii* is willing to hear ; I doubt not but *Majestas Imperii*

‘ knows, that Common-wealths cost as much the making as  
 ‘ Crownes; and if they bee well made, would yet outsell  
 ‘ an illfashioned Crown, in any Market overt, even in *Smith-*  
 ‘ *field*, if they could be well vouched. But *Preces &*  
 ‘ *Lachrymæ*, are the peoples weapons: so are Swords and  
 ‘ Pistols, when God and Parliaments bid them Arme.  
 ‘ Prayers and Teares are good weapons for them that have  
 ‘ nothing but knees and eyes; but most men are made with  
 ‘ teeth and nailes; onely they must neither scratch for  
 ‘ Liberties, nor bite Prerogatives, till they have wept and  
 ‘ prayed as God would have them. If Subjects must fight  
 ‘ for their Kings against other Kingdomes, when their Kings  
 ‘ will; I know no reason, but they may fight against their  
 ‘ Kings for their own Kingdomes, when Parliaments say  
 ‘ they may and must: but Parliaments must not say they  
 ‘ must, till God sayes they may.’

His address to the King, towards whom he was very bitter, is bold and insulting, though he professes great loyalty and reverence. The following is one of the concluding paragraphs of the address.

‘ Sir you may now please to discover your Selfe where  
 ‘ you please; I trust I have not indangered you: I presume  
 ‘ your Eaare-guard will keep farre enough from you what  
 ‘ ever I have said: be it so, I have discharged my duty, let  
 ‘ them look to theirs. If my tongue should reach your  
 ‘ eares, which I little hope for; Let it be once said; the  
 ‘ great King of great *Britaine*, tooke advise of a simple  
 ‘ Cobler, yet such a Cobler, as will not exchange either his  
 ‘ blood or his pride, with any Shoo-maker or Tanner in  
 ‘ your Realme, nor with any of your late Bishops which  
 ‘ have flattered you thus in peeces: J would not speake  
 ‘ thus in the ears of the world, through the mouth of the  
 ‘ Presse for all the plunder your plunderers have pillaged;  
 ‘ were it not somewhat to abate your Royall indignation  
 ‘ toward a loyall Subject; a Subject whose heart hath  
 ‘ beene long carbonadoed, *des veniam verbo*, in flames of  
 ‘ affection towards you. Your Majesty knows or may  
 ‘ know, time was, when I did, or would have done you a  
 ‘ better peece of service, then all your Troopes and Regi-  
 ‘ ments are now doing. Should J hear any Gentleman that  
 ‘ follows you, of my yeares, say hee loves you better than  
 ‘ I, if it were lawfull, I would sweare by my Sword, he said  
 ‘ more than his sword would make good.’

Besides 'the four things which his heart naturally detested—the Apochrypha, Forrainers dwelling in his country, 'Alchymized coines, and Tolerations of divers religions;' he says in another place; 'since I knew what to feare, 'my timerous heart hath dreaded three things: a blazing 'starre appearing in the aire: a state comet, I mean a favorite rising in a Kingdome; a new opinion spreading in religion.' Yet toleration in Religion, blazing stars in the air, and the Apocrypha were not the only evils that annoyed him: long hair and female dress, appear to have caused him full as much uneasiness, and to have excited the same vehement zeal in opposition, as false doctrines, or despotick government. This now seems sufficiently ridiculous, and the present age might be allowed to laugh at such extravagance, if every age had not its own peculiar absurdities.

'Should I not keep promise in speaking a little to 'Womens fashions, they would take it unkindly: \* I was 'loath to pester better matter with such stuffe; I rather 'thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the 'Quæ Genus in the Grammar, being Deficients, or Redundants, not to be brought under any Rule: I shall therefore 'make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose 'tongue Liberty, and mispend a word or two upon their 'long-wasted, but short-skirted patience: a little use of my 'stirrup will doe no harme.

'Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet:

'Gray Gravity it selfe can well beteame,

That Language be adopted to the Theme.

Hee that to Parrots speaks, must parrotise;

He that instructs a foole, may act th' unwise.

'It is known more then enough, that I am neither Nigard, 'nor Cinick, to the due bravery of the true Gentry: if any 'man mislikes a bully among drossock more then I, let him 'take her for all mee: I honour the woman that can honour 'her self with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair 'Margent: I am not much offended, if I see a trimme, far 'trimmer than she that wears it: in a word, whatever Christianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* measure: but when I heare a nugiperous Gentledame inquire 'what dresse the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court; I meane the very newest: with

\* The 'Women,' will smile at this naïveté.

‘ egge to be in it in all hast, what ever it be, I look at her  
 ‘ as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of  
 ‘ a cypher, the epitome of no thing, fitter to be kickt, if  
 ‘ shee were of a kickable substance, than either honoured  
 ‘ or humoured.

‘ To speak moderately, I truly confesse, it is beyond  
 ‘ the kin of my understanding to conceive, how those  
 ‘ women should have any true grace, or valuable vertue,  
 ‘ that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such  
 ‘ exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely  
 ‘ lustre, but transclouts them into gant bar-geese, ill-shapen-  
 ‘ shotten-shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at the  
 ‘ best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper  
 ‘ English woman should scorne with her heeles: it is no  
 ‘ marvell they weare drailes, on the hinder part of their  
 ‘ heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a  
 ‘ few Squirrills braines, to help them frisk from one ill-  
 ‘ favor’d fashion to another.

‘ These whimm’ Crown’d shees, these fashion-fansying wits,  
 Are empty thin brain’d shells, and fidling Kits.’

He afterwards mentions a very important fact, that there were ‘five or six who practised these fashions in our ‘Colony:’ and also mentions that ‘being a solitary wid-  
 ‘ dower almost twelve years,’ he had sometimes thought of going to England for a wife, but had ‘no heart for the  
 ‘ voyage least their nauseous shapes and the sea should  
 ‘ work too sorely upon my stomach.’

The following is a remarkable proof of the purity of manners in the early state of the Colony.

‘ I would my skill would serve also, as well as my heart,  
 ‘ to translate Prince *Rupert*, for his Queen-mothers sake,  
 ‘ *Eliz*: a second. Mismeane me not. I have had him in mine  
 ‘ armes when he was younger, I wish I had him there now:  
 ‘ if I mistake not, hee promised then to be a good Prince,  
 ‘ but I doubt he hath forgot it: if I thought he would not  
 ‘ be angry with me, I would pray hard to his Maker, to  
 ‘ make him a right Roundhead, a wise-hearted Palatine, a  
 ‘ thankfull man to the English; to forgive all his sinnes, and  
 ‘ at length to save his soule, notwithstanding all his God-  
 ‘ damne mee’s: yet I may doe him wrong, I am not certaine  
 ‘ hee useth that oath; I wish no man else would. I dare  
 ‘ say the Devills dare not. I thank God I have lived in a

‘ Colony of many thousand English almost these twelve  
‘ yeares, am held a very sociable man ; yet I may con-  
‘ siderately say, I never heard but one Oath sworne, nor  
‘ never saw one man drunke, nor ever heard of three  
‘ women Adulteresses, in all this time, that I can call to  
‘ minde : If these sinnes bee amongst us privily, the Lord  
‘ heale us, I would not bee understood to boast of our inno-  
‘ cency ; there is no cause I should, our hearts may be bad  
‘ enough, and our lives much better.’

One extract from the conclusion of the book, is selected as a favourable specimen of his style, and another to shew to what horrible cruelty religious intolerance impels those, who have the power to persecute.

‘ Goe on brave Englishmen, in the name of God, go on  
‘ prosperously, because of Truth and Righteousness : Yee  
‘ that have the Cause of Religion, the life of your Kingdome  
‘ and of all the good that is in it in your hands : Goe on  
‘ undauntedly : As you are Called and Chosen, so be faith-  
‘ full : Yee fight the battells of the Lord, bee neither desi-  
‘ dious nor perfidious : You serve the King of Kings, who  
‘ stiles you his heavenly Regiments : Consider well, what  
‘ impregnable fighting it is in heaven, where the Lord of  
‘ Hosts is your Generall, his Angells, your Colonells, the  
‘ Stars, your fellow-souldiers, his Saints, your Oratours, his  
‘ Promises, your victuallers, his Truth, your Trenches ;  
‘ where Drums are Harps, Trumpets joyful sounds ; your  
‘ Ensignes, Christs Banners ; where your weapons and  
‘ armour are spirituall, therefore irresistable, therefore im-  
‘ piercable ; where Sunne and wind cannot disadvantage  
‘ you, you are above them, where hell it selfe cannot hurt  
‘ you, where your swords are furbushed and sharpened, by  
‘ him that made their metall, where your wounds, are bound  
‘ up with the oyle of a good Cause, where your blood  
‘ runnes into the veynes of Christ, where sudden death is  
‘ present martyrdom and life ; your funeralls resurrections ;  
‘ your honour, glory ; where your widows and babes are  
‘ received into perpetuall pensions ; your names listed  
‘ among *Dauids* Worthies ; where your greatest losses are  
‘ greatest gaines ; and where you leave the troubles of  
‘ warre, to lye downe in downy beds of eternall rest.

‘ What good will it doe you, deare Countrymen, to live  
‘ without lives, to enjoy *England* without the God of  
‘ *England*, your Kingdome without a Parliament, your



‘Parliament without power, your Liberties without stability,  
 ‘your Lawes without Justice, your honours without vertue,  
 ‘your beings without tranquility, your wives without  
 ‘honesty, your children without morality, your servants  
 ‘without civility, your lands without propriety, your goods  
 ‘without immunity, the Gospel without salvation, your  
 ‘Churches without Ministry, your Ministers without piety,  
 ‘and all you have or can have, with more teares and bitter-  
 ‘nesse of heart, than all you have and shall have will  
 ‘sweeten or wipe away?

‘Goe on therefore Renowned Gentlemen, fall on resolv-  
 ‘edly, till your hands cleave to your swords, your swords  
 ‘to your enemies hearts, your hearts to victory, your  
 ‘victories to triumph, your triumphs to the everlasting  
 ‘praise of him that hath given you Spirits to offer your  
 ‘selves willingly, and to jeopard your lives in high perills,  
 ‘for his Name and service sake.

‘And Wee your Brethren, though we necessarily abide  
 ‘beyond *Jordan*, and remaine on the American Sea-coasts,  
 ‘will send up Armies of prayers to the Throne of Grace,  
 ‘that the God of power and goodnesse, would incourage  
 ‘your hearts, cover your heads, strengthen your arms, par-  
 ‘don your sinnes, save your soules, and blesse your families,  
 ‘in the day of Battell. Wee will also pray, that the same  
 ‘Lord of Hosts, would discover the Counsell, defeat the  
 ‘Enterprizes, deride the hopes, disdaine the insolencies,  
 ‘and wound the hairy scalpes of your obstinate Enemies,  
 ‘and yet pardon all that are unwillingly misled. Wee will  
 ‘likewise helpe you to beleieve that God will be seene on  
 ‘the Mount, that it is all one with him, to save by many or  
 ‘few, and that he doth but humble and try you for the  
 ‘present, that he may doe you good at the latter end. All  
 ‘which hee bring to passe who is able to doe exceeding  
 ‘abundantly, above all we can aske or thinke, for his Truth  
 ‘and mercy sake in Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen.’

*A Word of Ireland: Not of the Nation universally, nor of any man in  
 it, that hath so much as one haire of Christianity or Humanity  
 growing on his head or beard, but onely of the truculent Cut-throats,  
 and such as shall take up Armes in their Defence.*

‘These *Irish* anciently called *Anthropophagi*, man-  
 ‘eaters: Have a Tradition among them, That when the

‘Devill shewed our Saviour all the kingdomes of the Earth  
 ‘and their glory, that he would not shew him *Ireland*, but  
 ‘reserved it for himself: it is probably true, for he hath  
 ‘kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox fore-  
 ‘saw it would eclipse the glory of all the rest: he thought  
 ‘it wisdom to keep it for a Boggards for himself, and all  
 ‘his unclean spirits imployed in this Hemisphere, and the  
 ‘people, to doe his Son and Heire, I mean the Pope, that  
 ‘service for which *Lewis* the eleventh kept his Barber  
 ‘*Oliver*, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are  
 ‘the very Offall of men, Dregges of Mankind, Reproach of  
 ‘Christendome, the Bots that crawle on the Beasts taile, J  
 ‘wonder *Rome* it self is not ashamed of them.

‘J begge upon my hands and knees, that the Expedition  
 ‘against them may be undertaken while the hearts and  
 ‘hands of our Souldiery are hot, to whom J will be bold to  
 ‘say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they  
 ‘have served us, and Cursed be he that shall do that work  
 ‘of the Lord negligently, Cursed be he that holdeth back  
 ‘his Sword from blood; yea, Cursed be he that maketh not  
 ‘his Sword starke drunk with *Irish* blood, that doth not re-  
 ‘compence them double for their hellish treachery to the  
 ‘*English*, that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and  
 ‘their Country a dwelling place for Dragons, an Astonish-  
 ‘ment to Nations: Let not that eye look for pity, nor that  
 ‘hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him  
 ‘be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly.’

This book had several editions in England and in this country, it is now scarce and costs in England about thirty shillings.

*A Journal of Travels from New-Hampshire to Caratuck on the Continent of North-America.* By George Keith, A. M. Late Missionary from the society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and now Rector of Edburton, in Sussex. London, printed by Joseph Downing, for Brab. Aylmer, at the three pigeons over against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, 1706. pp. 92. 4to.

THIS is the journal of a Missionary who came over in 1702, in the same ship with Governour Dudley, and after  
 Vol. I. No. 3.

passing two years in America returned to England. He appears to have had much zeal in his labours, and, at the end of his book is a list of ten sermons or controversial tracts, that he published during his mission, which seems to have been mainly directed against the Quakers. From his account there were many more congregations of them, than now exist; and this might naturally have been inferred, because, all sects were then occupied in persecuting them: they were then turbulent, fanatical, and increasing; enjoying now, in common with others, perfect toleration and equality, their peculiarities hardly prevent their decrease, and they are now the most quiet, as they always were among the most useful citizens. Keith himself had been a Quaker, had recanted, and joined the church of England, from whose patronage he obtained a Rectorate. It was a proof of exquisite judgment that he should have been selected to annoy the Quakers, to whom he was particularly obnoxious, not only for his dereliction of their principles, but on account of a money transaction, relating to a bequest made to their poor, of which it seems they were defrauded, though Keith no doubt was innocent. He meddled but little with other sects, yet as might be expected, he could not pass through Boston, in those days, without some skirmishing. This took place between him and Increase Mather and Rev. Mr. Willard, in which one or two pamphlets were exchanged. In page 2, he says, in speaking of an attack began by him, answered by Mr. Mather, and replied to by Keith: ‘This I had printed at New-York, the printer at Boston not daring to print it, lest he should give offence to the independent preachers there.’—*Tempora mutantur*. In page 36 he gives an anecdote of himself that has quite a generick character. He was exposed to some danger in crossing a ferry to Rhode Island, during a storm, when the boat he was in was relieved by the exertions of John Burden, a Quaker. After being brought safe on shore, he offered money to the Quaker’s men, which he would not allow them to accept; he then, ‘thanked him very kindly for his help in our great danger, and said to him, John, ye have been the means under God to save our natural life, suffer me to be a means under God to save your soul, by good information to bring you out of your dangerous errours. He replied, George, save thy own soul, I have no need of thy help; then, said I, I will pray for your conversion; he replied, the prayers of the wick-

‘ed are an abomination; so uncharitable was he in his  
‘opinion concerning me, (as they generally are concerning  
‘all those who differ from them) though charitable in this  
‘action.’

He speaks of preaching a sermon at a fast in New-York, in September, 1702, occasioned by a great mortality, *five hundred* having died within a few weeks, and *seventy* that same week. The difference of population considered, this mortality is as great, as that occasioned in late years by the yellow fever.

He complains, that there was a great want of ministers for the churches in Maryland and Virginia, which he says was owing to the incumbents receiving their salaries in tobacco, and the price of it was so low that they could not live. The journal contains few facts interesting to an historian, but a regular notice of his disputes with the Quakers, and every one of the texts from which he preached carefully recorded.

#### FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

##### ESSAY ON AMERICAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

“So multiplied are the connexions existing between nation and nation in modern times, that intellectual originality may justly be regarded as one of the greatest phenomena in nature.”

*Lond. Quart. Review, Oct. 1814.*

The remark which stands at the head of this article, comes with peculiar force from the work which contains it. It has, with the writer of the following pages, unqualified belief. He has only regretted that the authors of that work have not always written under the influence of so liberal a sentiment. They might have found in its truth, some good reasons for the barrenness of American Literature.

National literature seems to be the product, the legitimate product, of a national language. Literary peculiarities and even literary originality being, the one little more than peculiarities of language, the other the result of that uncontrolled exercise of mind, which a slavery to a common tongue almost necessarily prevents. If then we are now asked, why is this country deficient in literature? I would answer, in the first place, because it possesses the same